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each, Sunday after Sunday, by its respective votaries, so that the eye that would survey at a glance the several groups of felicity-hunting bipeds, should look down on the motley scene from a balloon sufficiently elevated to allow an entire county to be pictured at once on its retina. But now, (thanks to those demesne-owners who close their gates on the only day that they have a citizen to exclude,) there remains no choice for the seekers of amusement, but all tend to the same goal, with a perseverance that compels the superficialities of the rock road to take the air for the spaces of five miles and fifteen hours respectively. In former days the car-drivers were wont to enquire to what outlet you chose to be jolted; but at present you take your seat in solemn silence: there is but one way to go, and of course no questions need be asked; you are instantly rattled through Baginbun-street, with five other practical optimists, and follow in the wake of a string of vehicles that extends to Kingstown, and continues eternally, going full and returning empty, with a regularity that can only be equalled by that delectable barge, the Liffey mud-lark, whose buckets fill and discharge themselves with the most indefatigable and odoriferous industry.

When you are once fairly on the high-way, your visible horizon approaches to within three yards of your optic nerve; you travel, like the children of Israel, with a pillar of a cloud before you, or, like Eneas, wrapt in a volume of mist for your garment, wearing, with every one else, the white livery of the road, and carrying dust and delight in either eye, until the cloud-compelling wheels have landed you at Burton's threshold, and then you are suddenly flung up on your feet and your own resources, to find or make amusement for yourself until dinner time.

The lions of Kingstown are of course very numerous, and each can always boast of a respectable number of spectators. In one delectable partment you may see a cluster of personages, who for the last six days have been chained to counters, gazing at the grim exterior of the prison-ship, led and kept there by the operation of heaven knows what sympathy, and shaking their heads pensively, on finding how few chances of escape it seems to afford. Literary characters are found in learned groups, studying the inscriptions on the four faces of that gem of a monument, which stands with true Irish politeness, sacred to the memory of a departed sovereign. The lovers of works of art may be seen toiling and stumbling along the new pier, and accumulating at its extremity into a crowd of gayly-attired and happy-visaged mortals, disposed to find pleasure in every thing, and looking with amateur eyes on sky, earth, and ocean; occasionally projecting their visual ray into dim distance, and exclaiming that the outline of the Welsh coast is distinctly visible.—While lovers of the works of nature, clamber over rocks, slippery with sea-weeds, and as they clamber, find incontestible proof of the truth of their own theory of their formation, whether they be Wernerians or Huttonians, drinkers of water, or eaters of fire. Gentlemen with check shirts and skirtless coats may occasionally be met with, who unceasingly sport the single nautical phrase which they had somehow or other picked up in their passage on board the twelve-penny steamer from Dublin to Kingstown, and seem extremely anxious to be considered as naval heroes; while demonstrators are often to be heard, puzzling themselves inextricably, in explaining to the fair damsels on

either arm, the manner in which news is telegraphed by the Martello towers. But as one does not leave Dublin for the purpose of meeting its inhabitants, it would be well to disentangle yourself from the town and its expanding suburbs altogether, and endeavour to be alone with nature, amid the cliffs with which she has quayed the coast all round the promontory. But you will find yourself never less alone than in those solitudes; you may scramble up a rock that is all but inaccessible, crawl along its summit, and cautiously approaching its verge, you may peep down the chasm that time and tide have made, when directly under you is described, not as you expected "a fathomless abyss," but a feeding family, father, mother, "et qui nascuntur ab illis," adding the report of their ale-bottles and city brogue to the roar of the breakers, and discussing, ham, fowl, "and all that," with as much indifference to their situation, as if papered walls and not naked rocks surrounded them: well you may exclaim: "The things themselves are neither strange nor rare, We wonder how the devil they got there."

If you still refuse to be gregarious, your only remaining resource is to set yourself resolutely to climbing the interminable steep of Killiney hill, whose summit avoids you like the visible horizon, and after an hour's labour with aching knees and noisy lungs, still appears to preserve the same distance; if, however, you have perseverance almost superhuman, you may at length begin to gain on the actual apex of the mountain; but there you are sure to discover the gay flutter of some aerial piece of female drapery, which assures you that you are once again anticipated by "a party of pleasure." However you need not regret the pains your elevation has cost you—they are amply repaid by the splendid Diorama stretched out beneath, beautiful enough to compel the flintiest breast to fall in love with nature at first sight. The prospect when, "Heaven is free from clouds," and when the smooth surface of old ocean rejoices in reflecting its "clear azure," is particularly propitious to meditation or to slumber, according as you happen to be organised. The pleasure-boats that seem to sleep as they quietly steal on their even course, are doubled by the mirror which they move on, and are met keel to keel by their intangible similitudes. Even the stern and strongly marked features of Bray-head, seem to be rounded off, by the universal tranquillity, into a reposing and flowing outline; and behind it appear clusters of mountain tops, all apparently anxious to view themselves in the looking-glass expanded beneath them. But it cannot now be far from your dinner hour, and you must think of descending and getting once more into "the cheerful haunts of men." A day has been spent at Kingstown, and sufficient material, of observation laid in, to make a description of Dublin character withal: To a quick and a keen relish for the beauties of nature, our townsmen add the most heroic self-devotion in the pursuit of recreation; and if to their love of Gresham's and geology, fossils and fun, at Kingstown, we add the amusement of the other six evenings at home, we find incontestible proofs of a general taste for literature, in the fact that nine-tenths of our population are either reading our national boast, the D. L. G. writing articles for its columns, or its Balaam boxes, or preparing paper, mending

pens, and biting nails, all mortal symptoms of the effort that always precedes an "original communication."

S. R.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

At the fourth general meeting of the Academy on Monday evening last, (Dr. Sadlier, S.F., T.C.D. in the chair,) the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Turin, vols. 32 and 33 were presented, as were the Madras Observatory Papers, and Experiments for Preserving human life from destruction by Fire, By Chev. Aldini. The thanks of the Academy were voted to the Donors.

A paper on Functions was read by Professor Hamilton, and referred to Council for publication.

A letter was read by Mr. D'Alton from the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, stating that they had prepared a copy of the Transactions of their Society for the R.I.A. which was intended to have been forwarded through Colonel Birch, of the Artillery, and requesting to know whether such a packet had reached the Academy. The Secretary was directed to reply in the negative. The meeting then adjourned.

FINE ARTS.

The fifth annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy will open, we understand, next week. It is expected to be a creditable display, though several distinguished members of the body have from illness, or other causes, been prevented from contributing much to the collection. Others, however, have made considerable exertion, and have surpassed even the best of their former efforts. The celebrated whole length portrait of His Majesty, painted by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, will, on this occasion, be for the first time exhibited to the public, who will also have the gratification of seeing two noble works of Sir Thomas's successor, our talented countryman, Martin Archer Shee. One of these is a portrait of the celebrated Chief Justice Avonmore. The academicians speak with enthusiastic admiration of an extraordinary work of precocious native genius, which they have procured for the exhibition, the production of Ford, a young self-taught painter, of Cork, who died at the early age of twenty. The subject—the expulsion of Satan from Heaven—is one with which a great mind only could dare to grapple with any rational hope of success; and we are assured that he has conceived it in a spirit of sublimity that would not have dishonoured the greatest painter of antiquity.

On this occasion too, the splendid gallery for the reception of the ancient as well as modern sculpture, recently built for the artists of Ireland, by Mrs. Johnston, at the desire of the late munificent and inestimable Founder and President of the Academy, will be thrown open. It is a magnificent and beautiful apartment.

In a country like ours, in which, unfortunately, the fine arts meet with so little encouragement or regard, and in which so few able artists can yet meet with sufficient inducements to remain among us, it is really wonderful that the academy should be able to produce so respectable an annual exhibition, as no picture is